THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 93.

MR. WANDERER,

SIR,

THERE are every where men who never do the duties assigned to their situation when it is possible by any invention to find out an excuse. It is with them a favourite maxim, that ingenuity is better than labour, and when that ingenuity is exerted in apologies and excuses it is very frequently found a substitute for exertions which other people of less skill would be compelled to sustain.

But he who is good at apology is very seldom good for any thing besides. The talents that might be employed in useful service are not directed to the performance of duty but to the art of shoving it aside, and practice will sometimes give such perfection in the work, that a whole life is listlessly lounged away, and the burthen it ought to sustain thrown upon those who are unfortunate enough to be placed in the same watch.

There is no companion so perplexingly troublesome as one of these *inventors of excuses.* I would bear with all the pedantry and dullness of a carping critic or a metaphysical caviller—I would endure the tedious detail of a grammar-school-master, and be let into all the secrets of his art how to make children learn Greek and blockheads understand Quintilian; I would be willingly confined with the patent-inventor of universal medicine, and listen to his enumeration of the whole catalogue of wonders that may be cured and even exterminated by his new cordial or invaluable powders, but for mercy's sake keep me from being associated in the same class, for the same labour with a man who is infected with that worst disease a prolific invention of excuses, and who all the time slides his neck from the collar, and his hands from the toil by such ingenuity of contrivance that you have no opportunity of condemning his laziness or scolding at his intentional inactivity.

The *inventor of excuses* is, however, extremely zealous in whatever cause he happens to engage; no one more earnestly *talks* of the value and importance of the work, the necessity of exertion and the benefit of enterprise and spirit, and nobody can encourage others with more hearty good will to lay down all their faculties in the cause and pursue it with avidity and zeal: but by some unaccountable accident something or other always occurs at the moment of business that prevents our excuse-maker from accomplishing the part that falls to his own share, and of course it is necessarily thrown on his companions in the work, who derive no benefit from his company but the advantage of

his exhortation and no assistance from his services but the stimulant of his advice. The excuse-maker, like *Didler* in the play, depends for existence on his wits, and is only happy when he can so far "*raise the wind*," as to blow away all the trouble and difficulties that might centre round himself.

Independence and leisure are sought after by every man. Some expect when they shall arrive at this point of their wishes at the latter part of a long life of activitivity and bustle; others wait impatiently for the death of relations whose property will purchase for them tranquillity and ease. The excuse-maker takes a shorter course. He who strives by labour to lay up the means of repose may be disappointed of his object or deceived in his plans; he who waits the approaches of death towards a relative, may perhaps be first surprised by a visit to himself; but the man who relies on present ingenuity to excuse him from labour, who can talk so sweetly that you forget he is idle, who doing nothing can so well pretend to be busy as to deceive you without fatiguing himself, seizes on present quiet without running any risk for possession.

There can be nothing more favourable to a character of this description than the prevalence of some general cause of trouble or complaint. Are the markets poor, or provision scarce, is a vessel missing that was expected to arrive, or a piece of news communicated that was not desirable, it becomes immediately a part of the specific capital of our wholesale inventor, and is parted out and divided with a multitude of forms as best suits the convenience of the moment. But trouble of this sort is by no means exclusively a convenience to the professed inventor of excuses. A matter of public concern is on a level with inferior capacities and as every body finds himself more or less in need of excuse, he boldly seizes on this abundance of materials and shapes them to his own purpose. In the winter, there is nothing so handy as a snow-storm, and it therefore very frequently serves as an excuse for many an event with which it is very difficult to discover its connexion; but circumstances are continually varying, and the standing excuses are therefore like the Dominical letter, changed at least once a year. The present great excuse is the *prevalence of the* INFLUENZA!

There is no impropriety nor error, no superabundance of what is useless or deficiency of what is valuable but it may all be traced to this fatal disorder. If you believe the report of excuse-makers, business is at a stand, industry on a pause, the town deserted, and nothing to be heard, seen or understood but the complaint and disturbance which this disorder occasions. Ask a man for the payment of his bill—he turns on his heel to your messenger, astonished that any one should think of collecting debts when every one has the influenza—Why is Boston money four or five per cent. advance? You have the same answer. If you complain in the market that provisions are dear, you are immediately shoved off with this convenient apology; and my barber the other morning hoped his honour would not mind being cut a little, but really the influenza was so prevalent he did not believe he could be able to shave without an accident; and young Mr. *Cabbage*, the new and fashionable contriver of vests and indispensables, hoped if the coat did not suit so well as he could wish, that I would not be very much offended, but positively it was impossible to

do neat work in such a time of general influenza.

Now, Mr. Wanderer, I can well see why it is that our churches should be empty in such times as the present, because a man would not be willing to interrupt a pious congregation with this infernal disturber of solemnity and rest; but why it should so be that we are to be starved in the market and fleeced upon 'change, deprived of neat clothes, and not be shaved without danger, because a few people are plagued with that musical companion the influenza, is a matter I cannot understand. The excuse-maker by profession is entitled to the advantage he can derive from it, but I pray your authority to declare that the rest of the world have an inclination to eat, drink, and sleep notwithstanding a few among them are kept awake and starving by this prevalent disorder.

Yours,

MICROCOSMIN.

FOR THE EMERALD.

We never recollect to have known the progressive steps from poverty and meanness to affluence and pride, better illustrated, or more naturally drawn than in the following chapter from the late popular work of Mr. T. S. Surr.

There is a pungency and force in the satire which delights us in the general form in which it is presented to the American reader, but we should think it of dangerous tendency in *individual application*. We are informed however, by the Reviewers, that the personages are not ideal, nor the characters exhibited without design. Without being able to estimate the piece by the correctness of the miniature we can only admire it as an admirable painting. There are characters however *among us* whom it will very well suit: and while we smile at the ingenuity of the artist in the ludicrous nature of the caricature, we shall admire the various points in which his pencil is guided by truth.

Emerald.

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMILY.

Mr. Sawyer Dickens, was universally known as one of the wealthiest commoners in England.

There were not wanting, however, some persons with strong memories, who recollected that the origin of the wealthy banker was far from splendid. In truth, the first property acquired by the father of Mr. Dickens was obtained by the application of his talents and industry to the useful employments of cleaning boots and shoes, and knives and forks, at a public house in the neighbourhood of Newgate market. Ned Dickens was indebted to Yorkshire for his birth, parentage and education, and was a firm and sincere professor of that celebrated creed, "*that pence get shillings, and shillings get pounds.*" This faith enabled him to endure with patience and humility many a cuff and kick, and cheered him under many a cloud of brickdust. Thus a few years' devotion to these pursuits enabled Ned Dickens to become a creditor of the nation, to the amount of fifty pounds five per cent. stock, and promoted him to the rank of waiter. The same saving faith still urged him onward in the rich man's progress, and shielded from all temptation to turn aside. "A penny saved 's a penny got," often rang in his ears, as he cast his little eyes upon the spruce garments of a brother waiter at a neighbouring coffee-house, and then surveyed his own old suit of greasy corderoy.

To all this personal merit, Fortune added her blind boon, by rendering the existing circumstances precisely such as best agreed with his peculiar genius and disposition.

His master died, and bequeathed all his right and title to the house,

and the good-will of the trade, to his beloved widow, and his hopeful heir Tommy Jones.

Tommy was what at that period was termed a *natty spark* of eighteen, and the widow Jones was one of the numerous class of foolishly good-natured mothers. Ned was three years older than Tommy, and was at the death of his master, worth nearly two hundred pounds.

Vauxhall, Sadler's-Wells, and the Dog-and-Duck, became the exchequers into which Tommy Jones, assisted by certain fair friends, regularly paid the receipts of his mother's bar. These, however, were soon found inadequate to support the frolics of this spirited youth; and Ned Dickens's coffers became the budget from which his young master, with due humility, and at ample discount, drew his supplies.

The thrifty Dickens kept a good account. Thus the idleness and folly of the master enriched the servant; and by the time that Tommy was two-and-twenty he had broken his mother's heart, and spent his last shilling. He then enlisted himself as an East-India soldier, and Mr. Edward Dickens succeeded him as landlord of that house, which a few years before, he had entered a pennyless and almost naked boy.

With the attainment of such an eminence as this above the level of his ancestors, many a plodder would have been content. Not so Edward Dickens:—he was destined to be the founder of a family; and this little elevation served only to open to him the brighter paths that still towered before him. He did not halt. At five-and-twenty he considered that matrimony would have been an expensive clog in his progress, and he consequently resisted with a Joseph's virtue all the bewitching lures of the widows and daughters which were daily surrounding him. To discover poor butchers, poor bakers, poor distillers, and poor excisemen, was Ned's constant study, from a persuasion that his own ready cash would produce more profit in proportion to the greater need of those with whom he bargained.

The scene of action now grew confined, in comparison with his stimulus to exertion. Fortune, again befriending him, soon opened a wider field to his talents. Adjoining to his own house was that of Mr. Barton, an eminent man in his trade, which was that of importing rum and brandy in puncheons and pieces, and retailing the same commodities with a little British addition, in quarters or gills, to the gardeners, butchers, fishmongers, and their fair assistants, who resorted to Newgate market. In this traffic Mr. Barton was rapidly acquiring wealth; he was already a common-council man of the ward, and would, in all probability, have been lord mayor of London, but for the carelessness of his house-keeper, who one night forgetting to take off his cravat after his return from a turtle-feast, the poor man paid his life a forfeit for an inordinate indulgence of his appetite.

Next morning, no sooner was Edward Dickens informed why the shop was not opened, than he flew to the nephew of his neighbour, who was his heir at law; and who being a thoughtless young man, then an ensign in the guards, very good-naturedly promised that, if he had the power, Mr. Dickens should have the lease and good-will of his uncle's house at a fair valuation.

This lucky hit, as some called it, but this quick foresight, as he himself justly thought it, proved a considerable advancement in the fortune of Mr. Dickens; for, as young Barton lived chiefly at an hotel

St. James's Street, he knew nothing of the value of his uncle's concern, and very confidently left the regulation of the whole transaction to a fashionable auctioneer, who in his turn being engaged to sell some pictures and porcelain at the west end of the town, sent a young disciple of seventeen to value the concern, against a deep old practitioner in the city, whom Dickens had engaged. It is an axiom in mercantile morality, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as possible. Therefore, though the stock and business of Mr. Barton was certainly worth three thousand pounds, it is not right to infer that any thing like a bribe was the cause of their being assigned over to Mr. Dickens at one.

Such was the fact; and from that moment the thrifty Yorkshireman acquired hundreds with more facility than he had before gained pounds.

On his fortieth birth-day Edward Dickens arose worth forty thousand pounds. His residence was then a small house on Garlick Hill; where, with an establishment consisting of a house-keeper, one man-servant, and a clerk whom he had taken from a charity-school as an apprentice, he transacted more business, and gained more thousands, than many of his fraternity who kept their country house and carriages, and left the cares of their business to sixteen careless clerks, and an idle *fagging* partner.

It was at that epoch of his life that business introduced Mr. Dickens to the acquaintance of Hannah Sawyer, 'a well-looking woman, about his own age, the widow of the chief partner in a bank at Bristol. He soon discovered that her husband had died worth at least twice as much as he himself possessed, and he instantly persuaded himself that he had never seen so desirable a woman as this widow.

Expensive as it was, he insisted upon lodging the fair prize in his own house during her stay in London, and, for more reasons than he confessed, persisted in accompanying her and one of the surviving partners to Doctor's Commons, with poor Mr. Sawyer's will.

His visage lengthened as he heard the clauses read, which condemned fifty thousand pounds of the widow's property to the strong boxes of the bank at Bristol, during the continuation of the present partnership (which could only be dissolved by unanimous consent,) and for which she was only to receive a proportionate rate of the profit arising from the bank. Still, however, there remained thirty thousand pounds unappropriated, and the whole was at her own disposal, with only the above restriction.

In vain the gentleman who accompanied the widow from Bristol crossed-in between the object of his own hopes and the brandymerchant; the latter was the favoured admirer.

(To be Continued.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

RULE FOR GOOD WRITING.

Some persons were commending in Fontenelle's presence, the accuracy of diction, and the perspicuity and neatness of his composition.—"Gentlemen," replied Fontenelle, "it is always my rule, when I have a pen in my hand, to try to understand myself before I use it."

PHILOSOPHY.

Pride frequently keeps us in ignorance. A Persian philosopher

being asked by what means he had acquired so much knowledge? answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions where I was ignorant."

An excellent modern writer, thus expresses his opinion of the inutility of dignifying ordinary names with biographical memoirs.

"I am supposing, all along, that the person who writes memoirs of himself, is conscious of something more peculiar than a mere dull resemblance of that ordinary form of character, for which it would seem hardly worth while to have been a man. As to the crowd of those who are faithfully stamped, like bank-notes, with the same marks with the difference only of being worth more guineas or fewer, they are mere particles of glass, mere pieces and bits of the great vulgar or the small; *they* need not write their history, it may be found in the newspaper-chronicles, or the gossip's or the sexton's narrative."

EQUANIMITY.

During a siege, a water-carrier was going about crying water, three pence a bucket. A bomb fell and swept away one of his buckets.—Six-pence a bucket! cried he; and went on.

QUARTRAIN.

Nous ne sommes heureux qu'en esperant l' etre; [sirs:
Le moment de jouir échappe á nos de-
Nous perdons le bonheur faute de le connoitre, [plaisirs.
Nous sentons son absence au milieu des

"I am persuaded," says Lord Shaftesbury, "that to be a *virtuoso* (so far as befits a gentleman,) is a higher step towards the becoming a man of virtue and good sense, than the being what in this age we call *a scholar*. For even rude nature itself, in its primitive simplicity, is a better guide to judgment, than improved sophistry and pedantic learning."

If you cannot take the lead, take good care to be followed. "Not to be the *last* stands in some *rank of praise*."

To enable men to act with weight and consistency, and to answer the purposes of society, the weak, the ignorant, and the unprovided, must be conducted by the wise, the expert, and the opulent.

ECCENTRICITY.

He who quarrels with or affects to despise the world, has been compared to a wayward, spoiled child, who, to revenge himself on his mother for some paltry contradictions, resolved "to stay all night on the bridge." To continue the simile, the despiser of mankind will in general find his anger or his contempt repaid with two-fold interest; he may stay for fifty nights on the comfortless bridge of secession, frozen with cold, or drenched with rain, and the world, far from feeling for his situation, or meeting him half-way with pity and condolence, will ridicule the impotent imbecility of passions which recoil only on the bosom which harbours them, and which add new venom to the arrows of misfortune.

Those who devote their time and talents to the service of the public should endeavour to communicate the mint-mark of general approbation and expediency, to the standing bullion of real merit and good design.

GOOD QUALITIES ILL APPLIED.

Agesilaus, seeing a malefactor endure the greatest torments with prodigious constancy, cried out with indignation, "What an audacious villain is this, that dares employ patience, courage, and magnanimity in such an impious and dishonest cause."

QUEEN MARY'S SONNET.

The following beautiful translation of Queen Mary's Sonnet on leaving France, is from the pen of the late John Baynes, Esq.

Ah! pleasant land of France, farewell;
My country dear,
Where many a year
Of early youth I lov'd to dwell.
Farewell forever, happy days!
The ship which parts our loves conveys
But half of me:—one half behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
And bring the other to my mind."

Marmontel in his memoirs gives the following description of a contemporary poet:

The good Panard, as heedless as his friend, as forgetful of the past, and as negligent of the future, had, in his misfortunes, rather the tranquillity of a child, than the indifference of a philosopher. The cares of nourishing, of lodging, and of clothing himself, did not at all concern him. They were the business of his friends; and he had some so kind as to merit this confidence. In his manners, as in his mind, he had a great deal of the simple and unaffected nature of la Fontaine. No exterior ever announced less delicacy; yet it was inherent in his fancy and in his language. More than once at table, when rosy with the vapours of wine, I have heard issue from that heavy mass, and that thick covering, *impromptu*, couplets full of ease, of delicacy, and of grace. When then, in compiling the *Mercure* of the month, I wanted some pretty verses, I used to go and see my friend Panard. "*Rummage among the litters in my wigbox*," used he to say to me. This box was indeed a true litter, in which the verses of this amiable poet, scrawled on dirty strips of paper, were heaped together in confusion. Seeing almost all his manuscripts spotted with wine, I reproached him with it. "*Oh! take those, take those*," cried he; "*they have the seal of genius.*" He had so tender an affection for wine, that he always spoke of it as of the friend of his heart; and with the glass in his hand, looking at the object of his worship, and his delight, he would suffer himself to be so moved by it, that the tears would start in his eyes. I have seen him shed them for a very singular reason. And do not take for a tale the following trait, which will give you the finished portrait of a drunkard.

After the death of his friend Galet, meeting him in my walks, I wished to express the part I took in his affliction. "*Ah! sir*," said he, "*it is very lively and very profound! A friend of thirty years, with whom I passed my life! In my walks, at the theatre, at the wine-shop, always together! I have lost him. I shall sing no more, I shall drink no more with him. He is dead. I am alone in the world. I don't know what to do with myself.*" As he complained thus, the good man melted into tears, and so far nothing could be more natural. But observe what he added: "*You know that he died at the temple? I went there to weep and lament over his tomb. But what a tomb! Ah! sir, they have laid him under a water-spout, he who, since the age of reason, never tasted water!*"

The portrait of Helvetius here presented is also painted by the hand of Marmontel.

Helvetius, preoccupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came to us, his head heated with his morning's work. To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea to produce and support. But as new and fruitfull truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis the paradox which he has developed in his work *De l' Esprit*. Whether it were that by force of contention he had persuaded himself of what he wished to persuade others, or whether he were still struggling against his own doubts, and sought to conquer them, we were amused at seeing him bring successively on the carpet the questions that occupied or difficulties that embarrassed him; and after having afforded him for some

time the pleasure of hearing them discussed, we engaged him to suffer himself to be carried along with the current of our conversation. He then gave himself wholly to its with infinite warmth, as simple, as natural, as ingeniously sincere in his familiar converse as you see him systematic and sophistical in his writings. Nothing less resembles the simplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the premeditated and factitious singularity of his works ; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who fatigue themselves with imagining strange things. Helvetius had in his soul the complete contrary of what he has said. There never was a better man : liberal, generous, without ostentation, and beneficient because he was good, he conceived the idea of calumniating all honest men and himself, by giving to all moral actions no motive but self-love. Abstracted from his writings, we loved him such as he really was.

BIOGRAPHY.

Selected for the Emerald.

MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Concluded from page 416)

When he had finished his poem, he submitted it to the opinion of some persons in London. But, either from a total want of taste, or of liberality they examined the poem with an apathy worthy only of ignorance, and regarded the poet with an indifference that fully evinced their utter unworthiness of the honour done them. The greater part of mankind are but as overgrown children, and their attention must be engaged either by a sounding name or the gilded trappings of vanity. At length, he happily got his poem into the hands of Mr. Capel Lofft, a gentleman and a scholar, possessing a mind competent to define the merits of a literary work, and a heart generously disposed to foster genius, although dwelling in a Farmer's Boy, and to clear a path to its deserved reward.—Mr. Lofft read it, and approved it. He had, at first, an apprehension that it was one of those vain and injudicious attempts that had been made before, of transmuting the noble poem of Thompson's Seasons into rhyme ; but, on reading it, he was most agreeably deceived. "I had soon," says he, "the pleasure of finding myself relieved from that apprehension, and of discovering that, although the delineation of rural scenery naturally branches itself into those divisions, there was little else except the general qualities of a musical ear, flowing numbers, feeling piety, poetic imagery, and animation ; a taste for the picturesque, a true sense of the natural and pathetic force of thought and liveliness of imagination which were in common between Thompson and this author." When Mr. Lofft had indulged himself in contemplating the beauties of the Farmer's Boy, he sent it to an eminent literary friend, who read it with the highest satisfaction, and who instantly communicated his opinion of it to the publishers, Messrs. Vernor and Hood, of the Poultry. They accepted it upon terms honourable to themselves, and satisfactory to its author, and Mr. Lofft in his behalf. This latter gentleman kindly undertook the task of preparing and revising the sheets for the press. He found it necessary to make a few trifling corrections in the orthography, and in the grammatical construction ; but not a line is added, or substantially altered through the whole poem. The first edition was published in March, 1800, and its subsequent success, and numerous editions, at once confirm the merit of its author and the taste of his patrons.

The Farmer's Boy was no sooner introduced to the public, than he was admired and received by every person who claimed any pretension to taste. Mr. Robert Bloomfield found numerous patrons, who poured upon him their praises, and their presents. Among these were some persons of the first distinction ; as, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the Duke of Grafton, Sir Charles Bunbury, &c. and while

rank and title were paying the homage ever due to genius, the learned world were no less forward in exalting him in their public commendations; particularly Dr. Drake, who in his Literary Hours has written a masterly critique upon the Farmer's Boy.

The consequence of this deserved success was, that Mr. Bloomfield soon emerged from poverty and obscurity, and began to feel the blessings of ease and fortune.

Twelve years had elapsed, since he trod his native ground, and saw his dear relations, and during this long interval his desires had increased to accomplish this event, which, now the gloomy barrier of poverty being removed, he put in execution, and enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of embracing, in health, his aged mother, and of presenting to her, with his own hand, a copy of his poem.

"My heart was rous'd; and Fancy on the wing,
Thus heard the language of enchanting SPRING:
'Come to thy native groves and fruitful fields,
Thou know'st the fragrance that her wild flow'r yields;
Inhale the breeze that bends the purple bud,
And plays along the margin of the wood.
I've cloth'd them all; the very woods where thou
In infancy learn'dst praise from every bough.
Wouldst thou again behold the vernal day?
My reign is short: this instant come away;
Ere Philomel shall silent meet the morn,
She hails the green, but not the rip'ning corn.
Come, ere the pastures lose their yellow flow'rs;
Come now with heart as jocund as the hours.'
Who could resist the call?".....

He was received in the country with every mark of respect; for his fame had travelled before him, and persons of every station, from the nobleman to the peasant, thought it an honour to share the company of the Farmer's Boy.

The demand for this delightful poem still remains unceasing, and the author has enjoyed the satisfaction of finding it translated into the Latin, French, and Italian languages.

He has since produced his "Rural Tales," and very lately a volume, entitled, "Wild Flowers," a work not less marked for its sweet simplicity than the former, and which has been received with the greatest success.

Mr. Robert Bloomfield is, in his disposition, mild, amiable, and feeling, as his works will sufficiently evince. His person is slender, and about five feet four in height; his complexion very dark; his features by no means vivacious, but marked with thought. He is at present about thirty-nine years old, and he has, we believe, a family of four children.

EMERALD NOTICES.

IT was our intention to have noticed in our last paper, in a style of high commendation, the oration delivered at the late anniversary of the *Phi Beta Kapa*, by the Rev. Mr. DEHONE, of Newport. This society enrolls so many of our first literary characters that expectation is always raised high on the return of their literary festival.——Mr. Dehone's oration on the utility of literature to the United States was an able, elegant, and highly finished performance. In a style remarkably pure and correct he discoursed with extreme satisfaction to a numerous and brilliant assembly on the various connexions of literature with manners, civilization, and all the valuable refinements of life, and his observations were explained and illustrated with some of the most exquisitely wrought figures and beautiful allusions that the various walks of classical learning or modern science could produce. The compliment to the Professor of Oratory was alike elegant and deserved.

Had this oration been delivered by a popular speaker it would have been wonderful in its effects, but Mr. D. although graceful in his attitude has a singular manner of elocution and formality of manners which are apparently too much the result of affectation to be generally interesting. His pronunciation is formed on a model of his own, and the particular emphasis of the *ed* in words ending with those letters, whatever claim it may have to correctness,

is altogether divested of any pretensions to harmony or force; the sound is in itself too feeble to bear any particular stress. This mode, however, which Mr. D. invariably pursued, together with some other peculiarities of utterance and gesture prevented that generally pleasing effect which an uncommonly fine performance would otherwise have produced and induced a remark that the gentleman was determined to show his close imitation of the celebrated Addison, and that if he *wrote* with as much elegance, he certainly *spoke* with as little applause.

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

The public have already been notified of an intention of printing at the Emerald press, in conjunction with Messrs. Oliver & Munroe, "a complete Dictionary of the English Language, in which the Words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers, to which are prefixed, a history of the language and an English Grammar, by Samuel Johnson, L L. D. To which will be added, the Pronunciation of Walker."

The work will be conducted under the direction of an able and eminent scholar, of high rank, both in the literary and political world. The prospectus is able and elegant and will lead to the highest expectations of the value and correctness of the proposed edition.

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since the first publication of *Johnson's Dictionary*, and in that period of time nine editions, in the various sizes best adapted to the uses of "such as aspire to exactness of criticism or elegance of style," have issued from the English presses, and have barely sufficed to supply the constant and unceasing demand of the British public. The reputation of this work, which even before its first publication, swelled upon the public expectation, by the fair and established fame of its Author has stood the test of cotemporary criticism, of continual scrutiny, of rivals inflamed by competition, and of successors eager to disparage what they could never have produced; it has become the most general standard of purity and of elegance, which the language can boast, the Author's proudest claim to the gratitude of all of whom that language is the mother tongue, and a monument of glory to the nation itself, which numbered him in the illustrious catalogue of her scientific and literary sons.

Of the nine editions which have appeared in England, a full proportion in the ratio of their opulence and of their numbers may confidently be asserted to have been purchased by the people of the United States. The magnitude of the work, the heaviness of the expense necessary for its publication, and the scantiness of capital, which has so much checked the zeal of literary enterprize in this country, have hitherto prevented the undertaking of an American edition, and left the lovers of literature and science to depend for their participation in the benefits to be derived from this Great Lexicographer, upon the moderation or the liberality of the booksellers of London.

But the time is rapidly approaching when the fountains of American literature, will no longer, like that of Arethusa, need to be replenished from sources beyond the seas. As the demand for the festive boards of taste and letters are multiplied, the means of internal supply will increase, and after repeated editions of Encyclopædia's have brought both reputation and profit to their undertakers, the subscribers flatter themselves, that in venturing upon this edition of a work calculated for so much more general and extensive use, and of so little comparative charge their confidence in the taste of their country, will be justified by a success adequate to the compensation of their exertions and to the moderation of their desires.

Proposals have been issued for printing the poems of R. T. Paine, Esq. according to the notice printed in the Emerald.

Now in the Press, and will be published in the course of a few weeks THE POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE, in one neat duodecimo volume, to which will be added the life of that bard; price to subscribers will be one Dollar in extra boards.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWIN is thanked for his favours, but we must say with the wary Laocoon *Timeo danaos & dona ferentes.*—

We think highly of P. R. S. and wish extremely to number him with our constant correspondents. Men of correct and discriminating minds who like him have leisure at command, have a duty to discharge to the public. High and commanding talents were given for exertion and society displays numberless errors which his satire might correct, or the germ of virtues which his encouragement might rear.

We should be happy to receive the communications of our young men of talents and spirit! Instead of holding up the corner-posts of the street, and staring innocence and loveliness out of countenance, let them improve upon what they have seen and point out the characteristics of the passengers who have passed them.

Alcandor has a very poetic name but "there his inspiration ends."

CLIO is referred to an early number of the Boston Magazine for the reason then announced, and which continues to operate to the exclusion of his pieces. As it is not improbable the necessity for omitting their publication may soon cease to exist, we shall carefully preserve them on file, and hope for a continuance of his friendly assistance.

X informs us that the Theatre, will soon be open. In reply to his questions. We say *we never have had* "the honour of being noticed by the managers" and that as yet we have not formed any arrangement for a review of the Drama, the ensuing season.

PHILEMON, "whistles as he goes," *for want of thought.*"

Mauritania is illegible, we hate that affection which connects good sense, and high station, with an example of penmanship disgraceful to a schoolboy.

Errata in our last.

In p. 413, 1st col. l. 14 from bot. for *or* r. *which*; l. 12, for *is* r. *are*. In 414, l. 4, after the word "performed" insert a colon.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

To M——.

While beams of Hope the radient day,
And Fancy's, warming breezes play,
How fair love's tender floweret grows,
How sweet the hues it doth disclose,
How beautiful!

But should, my fair, thy brilliant eye,
Its kindly sunbright rays deny;
How soon it's lovely tints are fled,
How soon it bows the fainting head,
How mournfully!

Who can the heart'skeen feelings paint,
To see love languish, droop, and faint,
Nay die, 'neath fell Despair's control?
O 'tis the winter of the soul!
Most sorrowful!

Didst thou ere see midst winter's snows,
The flower it's vermeil leaves unclose?
Ah no; and so fond love will die,
It cannot bear Scorn's wintry sky,
So pitiless.

SADI.

HYMN TO CUPID.

HAIL, rosy son of Venus! hail!
To thee our vows and incense rise.
Leave, at our call, thy native skies,
And in thy vot'ries' bosoms dwell!

All hearts with glowing shafts subdue;
With ten-fold heat inflame each soul;
'Till lovers sigh from pole to pole,
And every knee is bent to you!

Oh! may bright Venus' orient beam
Soon usher in the auspicious day,
When thou on earth, enthron'd supreme
Shalt reign with unresisted sway!

Thy councils Love and Joy shall guide,
And frame thy laws to rule the land;
And blooming beauty, by thy side,
Thy trusty minister shall stand.

Thy guards shall be the dimpling smiles,
And lightnings shot from melting eyes,
And conscious blushes, wanton wiles,
And whispers soft, and am'rous sighs.

Gay Youth shall o'er their flutt'ring bands,
As chief, preside,—attentive still

To watch thy nod, bear thy commands,
And execute thy mighty will.

Lo! from thy amaranthine bow'r
Their host quick rushes at his call:—
And soon shall each opposing pow'r
Before their conqu'ring legions fall.

Then, in thy silken fetters bound,
Earth's various tribes, around thy throne,
Shall captive bow their heads to ground,
And THEE their sovereign ruler own.

E'en stubborn Mars, subdu'd, enchain'd,
Before thy shrine submiss shall kneel,
Shall rend the wreath by valour gain'd,
And sighing break the murd'rous steel.

With his own hand from earth he'll tear
His fav'rite laurel drench'd with blood,
And in its place the myrtle rear.
With nectar's juice by thee bedew'd.

No more shall his shrill clarion fire
With madd'ning notes the warrior train
To sate a tyrant's ruthless ire,
And float with gory tide the plain.

Himself, amid th' embattled throng,
To the soft lute shall tune his lay,
And Lydian measures sweet prolong,
'Till frowning Discord hie away.

And, lo! their louring knitted brows
Gradual the adverse hosts unbend:
Each heart relents; each bosom glows;
Each hails his former foe a friend.

Now, join'd in Concord's flow'ry bands,
Joyous they shout the sacred name
Of Brother! and, uniting hands,
Eternal peace on earth proclaim.

SONNET TO FORTUNE.

From Metastasio.

WHAT, hop'st thou, Goddess, when thy ceaseless care
Spreads rocks and thorns to check my onward way,
That I should tremble at thy fickle sway?
Or toil in vain to catch thy flying hair?
With threats like these awake the dastard fears
Of him who bows beneath thy base controul;
Know, I could see, with calm intrepid soul,
The world in ruins, and the falling spheres!

Nor am I new to dangers and alarms;
Long didst thou prove me in the doubtful fight;
From trying conflicts, and opposing harms,
I rose more valiant and confirm'd in might.
From falling hammers thus the temper'd arms
Strike with a keener edge, and beam more dazzling light.

SONNET.

On seeing a beautiful young female maniac in Bedlam.

SWEET maid! when sickness mars that angel face,
Like the rude worm that riots on the rose, [glows,
While goodness in the gentle bosom
Can beauty leave her dear accustom'd place?
No—still the languid eye can beam a smile,
As near a cloud the sparkling sunbeams play, [day,
Kind harbingers of more resplendent
Tho' the fair sun conceals himself awhile:
But, ah! since MELANCHOLY's baneful hand
Hath its vile poppies round thy temples spread,
Since moon-struck horrors haunt thy restless head, [stand
All-hopeless PITY here shall take her
Pity for thee shall spare her tenderest sigh;
For thou wast PITY's child, the friend of Misery.

SELF DETECTED.

Selfish, thou swear'st that thou of late
Abhorr'st each weak, dishonest mind:
Faith, ev'ry fool and knave to hate,
Is, *Timon*-like, to love mankind.
Prythee forbear thy lies to tell;—
All know thou lov'st thyself too well.

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